

Campbell Interurban Press

VOLUME 20, No. 12

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1914

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Local and Personal

"The Quality Shop" that's us, KING'S.
The "Java" peanuts; we have them
salted at KING'S.

Ernest Downing celebrated his sixteenth birthday Saturday evening, with a birthday supper.

For Sale: A single phaeton, first class condition, \$35. Mrs. Mary Savage, at F. S. Newcomb's.

Wedding invitations, announcements and cards, engraved or printed to your order by the Press Printery.

The C. E. of the Congregational Church will enjoy a social in the parlors of the church tomorrow evening.

"Bob" Holmes is able to be about again after his week's confinement and expects soon to be back to work.

Wanted—Day work of any kind. Am handy at many lines. Strong and willing. Call at Mrs. M. J. Wilson house.

G. R. DAVIDSON.

Mrs. A. J. Farley is reported rapidly improving and will be brought home from the hospital the first of the week.

Frank Cutting went to Pacific Grove this week to help build the new home for A. S. Collins who will later go there to live.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. F. S. Newcomb Wednesday, the 30th, at 2:30.

Miss Adra F. Eaton from Fabiola hospital at Oakland is here for a week visiting her mother, Mrs. P. G. Keith and aunt, Miss Lawrence.

The Eighth Grade has organized with the following officers, Pres., George Middleton; Vice-Pres., Ruth Stewart; Sec., Treas., Irene Sawyer.

Remember to save Oct. 2.—one week from tonight—Friday—to hear Prof. Chas. Alexander of Boston on "An Hour with the Southern Poet—Paul Lawrence Dunbar."

The seventh grade at the Grammar School organized its class this week and elected the following officers: President, Adelbert Billiou; vice-president, Leland Wade; secretary, Maurice Buckley; treasurer, Twain Truitt.

Mrs. A. E. Sargent, Mrs. R. W. Kennedy, W. H. Stuart and N. G. Finley, lay delegates from the Methodist church to the annual Conference went to Oakland Tuesday to attend. Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Ash also went up for a few days.

Grandpa Brown dropped in at the Press office Tuesday on a celebration call. Grandpa reached his 89th milestone on that day and declared he had a great deal to be thankful for. He has seen many wonderful changes in his day, the most progressive years in the world's history. His friends hope he may live to see many more.

Run Over by Auto

Chas. White, on his bicycle, collided with L. B. Husted's auto on the corner of Campbell avenue and Second street Tuesday evening about five o'clock. The right front wheel of the auto passed over Charlie's chest bruising the muscles and straining the cords. Miraculous as it may seem, no bones were broken, but as yet the extent of his internal injuries is not known.

As soon as the accident occurred Charles was taken to Dr. Merrill's office and treatment given and an examination made. Doctor reported that the patient is doing nicely and feels pretty good except a few sore spots.

Mr. Husted was driving so that he was able to stop the machine before the hind wheel reached Mr. White or the result might have been very different.

California State Indebtedness

Washington, D. C., Sept.—The United States Department of Commerce and Labor has just completed a report giving the indebtedness of the different States of the Union, the nation and the world. The data contained in the compilation relate to the year 1912. The State debt of California is shown to be \$6,332,000, that year, compared with \$3,403,000 thirty years previous, which is an increase of \$3,403,000. The per capita state debt of this State in 1912 was \$2.20 and \$3.62 in 1880. At the present time about 2.7 per cent of the population of the United States is in California and 1.6 per cent of the total debt is credited to this State.

The National debt of the United States is \$1,028,000,000 and the indebtedness of all countries of the world is \$42,000,000,000. European countries owe about two-thirds of the world debt and their proportion is rapidly increasing as the present war, according to experts, is costing on an average of \$50,000,000 per day.

Accepts a Position

C. P. Herrington, more popularly known as "Jack" Herrington, left Monday morning for Los Angeles, where he has accepted a position with the Los Angeles Times.

Campbell can ill-afford to lose Mr. Herrington, as he has entered into so many of the activities here, and by his genial personality won for himself a wide circle of friends. His fine baritone voice was always at the command of the public, and as a member of the Glee Club and of the Methodist Choir he will be greatly missed.

Under his leadership as President of the Epworth League, that organization has flourished and every one who has had the pleasure of his acquaintance trusts that future events may conspire to make his return advantageous.

Mrs. Herrington and Ernest will remain here for a few weeks, until business matters are arranged, and their rooms rented. Mrs. Herrington has made Campbell her home for so long that it will not seem natural without her, but her friends will look forward to occasional visits at least.

89 Years Old

Last Tuesday, Sept. the 22nd, Grand-Grandpa Brown passed his 89th milestone. The day was a very pleasant one in and around his cottage. Relatives and friends called to leave their congratulations and remembrances. Letters, cards and flowers—some of them from across the continent, all reminded the aged one that he had not outlived kind friends.

Grandpa says kind friends have been God's gracious gift to him all his life and he hopes to meet them in a heavenly country.

Garden Party

The Catholic ladies of Campbell and Burbank parishes are planning a most gorgeous entertainment and supper for the afternoon and evening of Saturday, October 3rd. The social, in the style of a bazaar to raise funds for their churches, will be held at the home of Mrs. Lacy Downing on the Infirmary road. The supper will be served at the usual time and in the evening a big barn dance will be enjoyed in the Downing barn. Many are planning to go from Campbell and vicinity.

Congregational Church

"The Friendly Church just around the Corner."

Sunday morning theme is "The World's Need: The Church's Opportunity." Talk to the boys and girls "A Life-Boat Story." C. E. and Sunday School as usual. The Junior C. E. will meet again in the afternoon after vacation during the fruit season. Union service at 7:30 in our Church. This is Searchlight Evening. The Searchlights will have charge. They have asked Judge John E. Richards to be their speaker. His topic will be "The Ideal Woman." Come and bring your friends.

GEO. E. ATKINSON, Pastor.

The annual reception to the Freshman class of the C. U. H. S. takes place this evening at the High School.

J. E. Palmer was host to a stag party at his home on Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road, Monday evening. Those present report a very pleasant evening. The novices took stations near the fireplace for "cold feet."

Thos. Stone fell backwards from a ladder at the Stone packing house yesterday morning injuring his back quite seriously. It was almost impossible to move him and it is feared that his back is broken. He is about 65 years old.

Earland Pratt sustained a painful wrench on his right arm Wednesday evening when the crank on his uncle's auto kicked back on him. The ligaments were torn loose and a blood vessel ruptured on the forearm.

Fenton Houlihan was slightly bruised and very much frightened Tuesday as the result of a collision with a cart. The Misses Elsie and Nellie Mann were driving home from school when the boy on a bicycle rode into the wheel receiving a tumble.

Searchlight Service

Congregational Church

7:30 o'clock Sept. 27, Union Meeting, Hon. John E. Richards will speak on "The Ideal Woman."

Come. You and yours.

"Searchlights" Invite you.

The Finest Strained Honey That Was Ever Sold In Campbell!

Do you remember the "honey with a history" brought all the way from Big Sur—carried twenty miles by pack mule and forty miles by stage—that we sold last year? We have some more of this honey from Uncle John Waters' ranch, and it's the finest flavor you ever tasted; the clearest white you ever saw.

We'll not say much about this honey because it will sell itself, but you will want to know the price, which is

45c a Quart Jar or

25c a Pint Jar—five cents back for each jar when empty.

John D. Blaine

Dealer in Groceries & General Merchandise

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Your beef Cattle
Hogs & Calves

A. S. Gilson, Prop.

Christian Science Services

In Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for Sept. 27th, is "Reality." Sunday-School, 12:15. The public is cordially invited.

Fancy Box Stationery at Smith's.

SYMPATHY NOT CALLED FOR

Kind-Hearted Man Learned Something as to Predilections of the Average "Kid."

City Hall park was sizzling, remarks the New York Evening Post. Suddenly a shrill clamor rose above the low-keyed song of traffic, and, like a flock of blackbirds, a dozen children in all stages of undress and dirtiness flew toward the southwest corner of the park. A tall, good-natured man leaned against the iron fence and held up a handful of yellow slips of paper. They pleaded for them, fought for them; and when the last had been grabbed, they disappeared as quickly as they had come.

"Would you mind telling me," asked an interested spectator, "what it is you are giving away?"

"Why," said the man, "they are milk tickets."

"Free?"

"Oh, no. You buy them over there at the milk station—cent apiece."

The practical good sense of the charity struck the spectator forcibly, and it was not many minutes before another crowd was struggling and clamoring for the coveted bits of paper. He favored the smallest, dirtiest, and thinnest children. One little mite, with big, wistful brown eyes particularly touched his heart, and he pressed a nickel into her hand. It was something of a shock to see her, a moment later, slyly nudging one of the other forlorns and displayed her pudgy little palm full of the yellow slips.

"Want to know what they do with them tickets?" said the first man. "Well, they sell 'em." He pointed across the way to where a group of tattered babies surrounded a vender of cheap sweets.

"Poor little things!" sighed the spectator, "they do not even know what is good for them."

"Maybe they don't," said the man, "but they have a mighty good time doing the things that ain't, and with no one taggin' after 'em to keep 'em straight. There's nothin' a kid likes better than to go unwatched and unwashed." A soft, reminiscent look crept into his eyes. "Gee!" he breathed, "I'd like to be one of 'em again!"

Then he eyed the spectator sharply. "You look," said he, "as if you were ready to shed tears over 'em; but let me tell you something; if you have never been one of 'em, you don't know what fun is. Now I don't mean no offense, but I wouldn't be surprised if you was brought up in a nursery," he spoke the words with a deep tinge of contempt; "and do you think that one of them," pointing to a knot of squabbling youngsters, "would change places with a nursery kid? It gets me," he continued with a shrug, "what kinds of people turns sorry for each other."

SCIENCE AND SOAP BUBBLES

Inventions and Great Orbs of Iridescent Colors Shown at London Exhibition by Professor Boys.

Specimens of the year's scientific discoveries and devices drew the members of the Royal Society in large numbers to the annual exhibition and conversation at Burlington House recently, the London Chronicle states. Round the rooms stood novel instruments of great import, ranging from a complex machine to ascertain the stability of an aeroplane to a simple pipe for blowing mammoth soap bubbles.

Nothing astounding or freakish has crept into the august precincts of the society's rooms this year. Charles Dawson was there with his Pittdown skull, which he has now christened Eoanthropus Dawsoni; Doctor Schlawsky was also there as lecturer and exhibitor of a train, boat and aeroplane, illustrating the value of gyroscopic principles in locomotion, navigation and aviation. But neither of these being new to the visitors, they turned to C. V. Boys, F. R. S., who delighted them with a new method for enjoying an old amusement—blowing soap bubbles.

Mr. Boys is unrivaled in the art. He blew great drafts in the expanding film until it became a beautiful orb of iridescent colors.

"Two feet in diameter some of them are," he exclaimed exultantly, "and I maintain that a bubble of that size is a joy to look upon."

"Is your clever blowpipe a toy, then?" asked a spectator.

"In a sense, yes," he answered, "but I claim that there is more science about a bubble than in anything else of its weight."

He has overcome the difficulties of blowing and detaching bubbles by a special form of injector blowpipe. Instead of the bowl a piece of flexible fabric with serrated edge is affixed to the pipe. The injector blown by the mouth supplies air in quantities of ten to twenty times greater than is possible with the lungs alone. His discovery, sad to relate, will oust the clay pipe from popular favor.

Muffers to silence the motors of their dirigible balloons are being tried by German army officers.

Oxygen and alcohol vapor are being used to stimulate the heart by English physicians.

Where Modern and Archaic Mingle

HERE is probably no other city in Europe that presents such decided contrasts as Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital, in which Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated. On the one hand you have great modern governmental buildings, substantial, artistic, clean and well-kept, that would do any nation proud to possess and that serve to tell every corner how Austria kept her word to govern Bosnia for the very best of the province. On the other hand, in the native quarter, you have bazaars and kavanas; you meet with latticed harem-balconies and old, walled-in court yards and fall afoul of deep-hooded women and fezzed and turbaned Mussulmen that take you back to the days of the Arabian Nights. It is a strange irony of fate that in this modern, yet archaic, city the heir to the Austrian throne should meet his nemesis.

But even aside from this recent play of history Sarajevo is of interest. In this city of curious contradictions there exists the queerest department store in the world. Not alone is this so because every man, woman and child in the place is compelled to buy of the great institution, but also for the fact that the most modern systems are intertwined with those of centuries passed. This great department store, which is known as the grand bazaar, is run on the system of individual shopkeepers housed together in one great building. There are as many as a dozen shops of certain sorts and competition has been overcome by the strongest kind of unions—the trade guild—which sets the price of everything and also the minimum to which bartering will bring it. As a result, in Sarajevo there are no professional shoppers; for when a Bosnian has stated a price he will not and cannot budge.

The Great Bazaar.

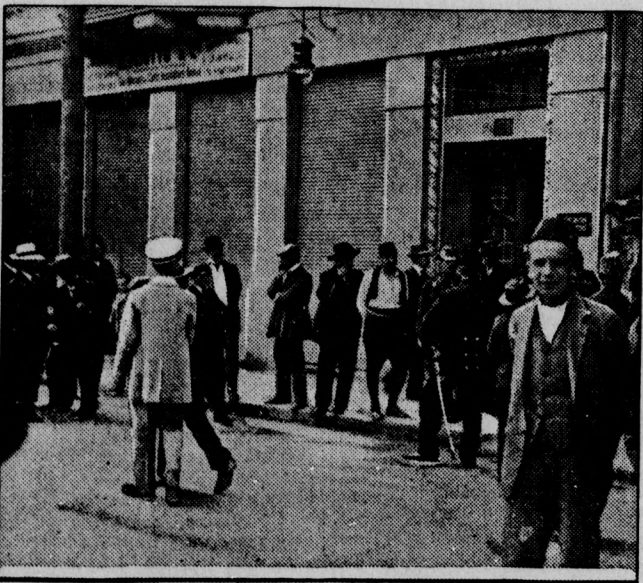
The great bazaar of Sarajevo consists of an intricate labyrinth of lanes, some of them arcaded, so that but a

In the very heart of the great bazaar is the Mosque of Husuf Bey. One passes through a great wall into a court yard of stone, where a fountain plays that one may wash in for the prayers or draw free drinking water, for elsewhere in Bosnia water is not free, but is sold. Beyond the fountain a tree throws its shade and in the shadow stands the tomb of the founder of the mosque. Good shoppers are a pious folk, and they will drop in here to offer prayer, while on their way through the bazaar.

The interior is almost identical with that of a mosque, the walls sloping up to the dome, with countless niches, decorated with geometrical designs in blue and white, for the Koran forbids the picturing of things animate. An elegant rug graces the floor and in the center of this stands the sarcophagus itself, hewn of marble and covered over with a green canopy, heavily worked in gold. At one end of the tomb immense candles stand, illuminating a turban of stone on a pedestal close by, the turban indicating the grave of a man. At one side of the tomb, a little settee is placed, that the weary shopper may sit in prayer, resting his eyes on a great glass case on the opposite wall, in which a green prayer-cloth from Mecca now hangs.

The Coffee Houses.

Among the bazaars are the kavanas, or Turkish cafe houses. For the poor, in the center of the bazaar, there has been opened a Wakf, a Turkish charity, where the poor receive their coffee free. Others, however, take their beverage in the regular cafes. In the smaller of these the coffee beans are placed in a tiny brass mill, of the thickness of a pump handle, the lower half of which unscrews to emit the pulverized grain, while in the larger establishments the beans are pounded in a stone mortar, with great iron pestles, and then worked through a circular sieve, that only the finest may be used. This powder is then placed in brass pitchers, upon which hot water



STREET SCENE IN SARAJEVO

feeble light falls on the cobbled floor; others open to the beating sun, and all lined with open, wooden booths, behind which are the storerooms for the wares. The houses themselves are two stories high, built square and coated over with plaster externally. The second story is wider than the first, thus throwing a deceptive gloom on the goods in the shop. Often the belles of the shopkeepers' harem live in the upper story and there are lattices through which they peer down at the shopkeepers. In other sections the loft is also the storeroom and heavy gratings protect it from thieves. In one section of the great bazaar the houses which practically form one immense dwelling, have the first floor of crude, sun-dried brick, while in the center facade of the upper, projecting story there is a little latticed balcony to which ascend the noise and the smells and, often, the dust of the little irregular street. In some sections the house walls are yellow, with a striping of blue about the windows and doors.

Some of the booths are clean and orderly. Others are a mass of filth. In all of them, however, the Turk sits cross-legged in a corner beside a tall, silver flagon of cold water smoking the eternal cigarette. Folks wander by, but he does not seem to care to attract their attention. None of these bazaars does a land-office business, and yet they all exist.

One sees the wares at their best on Wednesday, when the peasants come to town and there is more likelihood of sales. In this great department store it may be said that everything under the Balkan sun is for sale. Shops of every sort are together, but things which we should sell in one class of stores will be found with strange companions here.

is played, until the mass is practically dissolved, when a small flagon of the deep, dark liquor is presented the guest.

These are just a few vignettes of the common life of Sarajevo. Military reviews, with cohorts of proud Austrian soldiery; simple peasant fetes, with their Kola dances on some green, shopping among the stores, the peer of any in Europe to have one's purchases brought home by muletter, as were wares in the holy land in the days of the Savior, melody of color; the noises of the criers, the quiet of the residential streets and harems—all these go to make of the Bosnian capital one of the unique spots of all the near East.

For "Summer Bachelors."

An ingenious man in Washington, whose wife has gone to the country, is responsible for the inauguration of a new dish which is not only a novelty to the palate, but which can be prepared at stag parties without being spoiled before it is ready to serve. It is a modification of the old Mexican frijole, which is the southern equivalent—in a gaudy sense—of the North American baked bean. It can be prepared in a chafing dish.

His recipe is as follows: A green pepper is cut into small bits, a half-pound of American cream cheese and a can of ordinary kidney beans are put in the chafing dish over a slow fire and allowed to cook until the cheese and the extract from the beans have mingled thoroughly.

"It is impossible," said this "summer bachelor," to go wrong on this dish. It is impossible to burn the ingredients unless the heat from the chafing-dish fire becomes too great—and I have yet to see a chafing dish when the fire got too hot."

BUT ONE WAY TO BEAT TIME

Hold Fast to the Feelings and the Spirit of Youth and Beware of Irritability.

The writer once saw an amusing picture in a magazine. It represented a woman, standing before a mirror, rouge brush in hand, adding roses to her cheeks, and it was entitled "Beating Time." That is the great trouble with most men and women who have passed the halfway house in the journey of life. They try to retain youth by painting up the outside, putting repairs where the casual eye beholds rather than reconstructing the bodily interior and bracing mental foundations. They borrow color from the rouge brush, exhilaration from the stimulants and vivacity from the tango, perhaps, while the stalking ghost of lost youth that gives them dead away is their irritability.

Young people, genuinely young people, possess a sunniness of spirit that endows them with exceedingly lovable qualities, of which patience is one most to be desired. Youth may have occasional brainstorms of wrath or hysterics, but, on the whole, the young are sweetly equable, entrancingly hopeful and wonderfully patient. They have a delightful way of refusing to take things tragically. The young are generally imposed upon, frequently deceived, seldom praised in proportion to their efforts (and occasionally their deserts), but the Angel of Patience stands ever at their right hand and they do not make themselves nor others miserable by irritable tempers.

A Biblical proverb tells us: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," both similes indicating that control of temper is indicative of increasing rather than decreasing strength.

The "irritability of old age," what is that but panic disclosing weakness? Old people feel unequal to things. Youth feels so strong, so capable, so glad and assured, that it will tackle the seemingly impossible—and find it possible. Youth is the fool that rushes in, and wins, where angels (and the aged) fear to tread.

Hence the only successful way to beat time is by holding fast to the altruistic outlook and the pleasant qualities of youth. Build up the health, compose the nerves, clasp hands with Patience, revive faith in men and angels and look upon life with eyes of hope and love.—Baltimore Sun.

Psychology of Speed.

There are many sins of civilization, but speed is one of them and the latest born, laments the Ohio State Journal. Except in a courtroom, speed is an obstacle. It is in the way of true success, for it is indifferent to all the laws of life. A man who goes so fast that he fails to see the quiet and beautiful things along the way is injuring his mind and breaking up his nerves. If we had a family of several children and put them in an automobile and raced them off at 20 miles an hour, we would regard ourselves their mortal enemy, for they will never grow up with their nerves steady or their intellects lively.

The alienists say that in 200 years the human family will all be lunatics. It won't be that long, if the speed of autos is kept up to over twenty miles an hour. Indeed, many of these wild and reckless drivers are getting that way now, and they are pulling everybody down with them. But save the children, and if the old lunatics must have their way, take the children out and keep them at home.

Hidden Virtues.

Appropos of the discussion on George W. Perkins and the Harvester trust, Representative Quinn said: "If George W. is to be believed, his trust is of a goodness such as is scarcely seen on this poor earth of ours. The trust, like old Wash White, undoubtedly has hidden virtues."

"Old Washington White and young Calhoun Clay entered, you know, a dancing competition. But age was against Wash, and his boots, a pair of cowhides six or seven sizes too large, were against him, too. The prize was awarded to the younger man."

"Look-a-ye, Misto Empire," Uncle Wash growled, "whafar yo' give de prize toe him?"

"Kase he done mo' beats 'n yo' done."

"Go lon, man," said Uncle Wash. "I done a lot o' steps in dese yere big boots what yo' never see."

Criticism of a Weekly.

The late Jacob A. Riis, the eminent sociologist and author, was an ardent supporter of Colonel Roosevelt, and it was in this connection that he once uttered a very cruel bon mot.

On Colonel Roosevelt's last visit to London it was rumored in American literary circles that he was to be honored with an invitation to one of Punch's famous weekly dinners—those dinners at which Thackeray and Du Maurier and Burnand and other notables sat down.

But Mr. Riis contradicted this rumor at a dinner in New York.

"It is not true," he said, "that Mr. Punch is to entertain Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. Punch never entertains anybody."

Little Gold Found in Arkansas.

Arkansas' gold boom is fast subsiding. Prospecting was most active in the district south of Bluffton and Gravelly, two small towns on Fourche river. Several hundred claims have been staked in this district, although on only about a dozen has any development work been attempted.

OLD ENEMIES MEET

Film Brought Together Ex-Confederate and Federal.

After Fifty-one Years They Have Opportunity to Exchange Reminiscences at Outdoor Studio at Los Angeles, Cal.

Fifty-one years ago, or in 1863, a Confederate scout lay all day in a shallow creek watching the Union lines. A Yankee sentinel watched him, and was prepared to shoot if the Confederate moved. A meeting that vividly brought back the thrilling days of the Civil war, and particularly this hair-raising incident, when they were enemies and fought each other for the glory of the blue or the gray, occurred several days ago, when Scout W. H. Taylor and Sentinel D. R. Crane recognized each other on a mimic battlefield at a film manufacturing company's ranch near Los Angeles, Cal.

At their meeting in that memorable second year of the war, Taylor, a Confederate scout, was following the Union lines in retreat from Pine Run, Va., after an attempt to reach Richmond and defeat by General Lee. Taylor, seeking information, started to cross a creek, but seeing Union sentinels on the bank hid all day in the shallow water, waiting for night. He finally escaped with such information as he could gather. Crane, a sentinel in the Union army, patrolled the bank all day, waiting for a sight of and a shot at the scout.

At the recent meeting the two veterans went over the details of the day and the battles that followed. Both men were weary and sunburned; they had been living over again some of the battles they had been in years before. These battles were to be a part of one of the great photo play war dramas. And the surprising feature of the meeting was that it was not the first mimic battle they had been in; both had been working for the same company for 12 months and had never met.

FOUND HIS RIGHT VOCATION

Romaine Fielding Has Been One of the Big Successes of the Photo-plays Since He Joined Them.

Romaine Fielding, who, besides being an actor, is an author, director and producing manager, was born in Corsica. He is thirty-two years of age, has black hair, blue eyes and is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

For many years he was on the "legitimate" stage, playing most recently in "The Renegade," "Girl of the Golden West," and "The Conflict." Three years ago, however, he turned his attention to moving pictures, and when a company made him an offer, accepted and since then has been one of the stars. At present he is directing at the Colorado Springs studio, where with three companies numbering close to three hundred people he has in the past few weeks produced three dramas and eight comedies and is at present working on a five or seven reel drama entitled "The Eagle's Nest," which was written for the stage by Edwin Arden. In it Mr. Fielding will play the heavy lead.

Mr. Fielding has experienced what we imagine must be the novel sensation of having had all the scenarios he has ever written produced. Among his best are "The Clod," "Toll of Fear," "Rattlesnake," "The Man from the West," "The Evil Eye," "A Girl Spy in Mexico," and "A Dash for Liberty."

"Littlest Rebel" Popular. No photoplay this season has caught the public fancy more quickly than "The Littlest Rebel," the Edward Peple play.

The attendance has increased by leaps and bounds daily, probably because of the war spirit resulting from the interest in the war clouds which are engulfing the European nations. The picture, which depicts the thrilling story of the struggle between the armies of the North and South, is interwoven with a story of intense interest surrounding the life of Virgie Carey, the six-year-old daughter of a southern planter.

Rapidly Rising in Profession. That delightful actress, Gertrude Cameron, seems to be striding ahead every minute. The other day she was engaged to take a principal role in one of the productions, a scene of which was being taken in New Rochelle, N. Y. Charles J. Hite, president of the Thanhouse company, happened to see Miss Cameron and at once began negotiating with her, with the result that a couple of days later he had signed up this beautiful actress for the leading role in a big four-reel feature drama.

Movie Star Who Shoots. True Boardman, the stalwart actor who plays the part of the sheriff in the Broncho Billy dramas, is one of the best rifle shots in the West.

Mr. Boardman has hunted big game all over the Rockies and has had numerous escapes from death in trailing the ferocious grizzlies.

Mr. Boardman is also handy with the revolver, and although he never uses real bullets in the Broncho Billy plays, he keeps up his practice by target shooting.

HAD WIDE RANGE OF PARTS

Arthur Johnson Fourteen Years on the Legitimate Stage Before the Motion Pictures.

Arthur Johnson was born in Cincinnati, in 1876, of parents in no way connected with the theatrical profession. He was educated at a military school at Davenport, Ia. As Tybalt, in Romeo and Juliet, Mr. Johnson made his first appearance on the stage at the age of eighteen. He remained on the stage 14 years playing many parts and laying the foundation of the sound technique which was to serve him in such good stead later on.

He has played almost everything in Shakespeare and the classics, as well as Sherlock Holmes, and leading parts in the modern drama. For many years he was leading man with Robert B. Mantell, Marie Wainwright and Sol Russell. His association with the latter star gave him that sympathy and understanding of character which mark his work on the screen today.

Five years ago Mr. Johnson was led to enter the motion picture field chiefly because of the summer lull in his engagements, and he immediately established himself as a biograph favorite. After absorbing all the details of his new work, and having learned the difficulties of acting before the camera, he accepted an offer made by one of the leading companies, with whom he remained for some time. Then Mr. Lubin made Johnson an offer, and for three years he has been enlisted under his banner. For the past year he has directed the photo plays in which he plays the leading roles.

Short-Lived Popularity. Wonderful activity is now displayed in the motion picture productions, especially those in which feature films are concerned, but the life of the picture is short as compared with the play of the "legitimate."

The film lives, at the longest, not over seven months, while with the drama a play endures—that is, if it is a success—for years and years, and it is always open to the possibility of a revival.

Characters like the principal ones in "The Music Master" and the immortal "Rip Van Winkle" are so closely interwoven with the history of the drama that they become, as it were, figures of speech, and will endure as long as the English language itself. But how many are there who can remember, after a month has passed, the name of any character in a big motion picture play?

Amber Glasses and the "Movies." If moving pictures tire your eyes, try wearing the amber glasses. The flicker of the pictures on the screen has something to do with the tiring effect, but by no means all. The violet and ultra-violet rays, in which the electric arc light by which the views are projected is very strong, bother the eyes as much or more than the flicker.

There are violet and ultra-violet rays in all light except that especially filtered. You can prove this for yourself by looking over the edge of a pair of amber glasses, when you will see a sort of halo of violet about their border. Or you can look through the tiny hole that is bored for a chain or cord and see the same violet light. The amber glass cuts off the violet rays from the eyes, and thus protects them from being dazzled.

A Chicago film manufacturer tints his pictures a pale amber color on purpose to overcome this tiring of the eyes.

Good Lesson in Motion Pictures. Bryant Washburn, who is the successful villain of many of the photoplays, denies crime pictures are detrimental to the motion picture theater-going public.

"The great thing in the crime pictures," said Mr. Washburn, "is that the villain always gets his just deserts. The lesson is, therefore, one of good and not evil. If the villain were ever successful in his malicious schemes and plots, then it would be a different matter. But I really think that every one who sees the photoplays cordially hates the villain. No one has thought of emulating him, because the conclusion of the picture always shows that he is worsted, that evil never wins, and that good and virtue eventually triumph."

Movie Star Who Shoots.

True Boardman, the stalwart actor who plays the part of the sheriff in the Broncho Billy dramas, is one of the best rifle shots in the West.

Mr. Boardman has hunted big game all over the Rockies and has had numerous escapes from death in trailing the ferocious grizzlies.

Mr. Boardman is also handy with the revolver, and although he never uses real bullets in the Broncho Billy plays, he keeps up his practice by target shooting.

Quick Relief When Utterly Worn Out

Getting the Blood in Order Is Required By Most People.



If you think you have gone to smash and sit only for the discard, try S. S. S. for the blood. It will surprise you to know what can be done for health once the blood is released of the excess of body wastes that keep it from exercising its full measure of bodily repair.

If you feel played out, go to any drug store and ask for a bottle of S. S. S. Here is a remedy that gets at work in a twinkling; it just naturally rushes right into your blood, scatters germs right and left, up and down and sideways.

You feel better at once, not from a stimulant, not from the action of drugs, but from the rational effect of a natural medicine.

The ingredients in S. S. S. serve the active purpose of so stimulating the cellular tissues of the body that they pick out from the blood their own essential nutrient and thus repair work begins at once. The relief is general all over the system.

Do not neglect to get a bottle of S. S. S. today. It will make you feel better in just a few minutes. It is prepared only in the laboratory of The Swift Specific Co., 530 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Send for their free book telling of the many strange conditions that afflict the human family by reason of impoverished blood.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS that protect are procured through PACIFIC COAST PATENT AGENCY, Inc., Savine and Loan Building, Stockton, California.

Howard E. Burton, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, \$1.00. Mailin envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank—Advt.

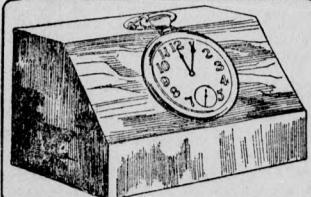
FOR LEASE OR SALE—160 to 1800 acres of Rice, Bean, Vegetable and Grain Land, near large city. Good market; cheap water; cheap transportation. Terms 1/4 crop, or sell for \$200 per acre, 5% cash and 1/2 the crop until fully paid for. C. H. BARLOW, III So. Broadway, Los Angeles.

TIMEPIECE IS QUITE HANDY

Desk Block Is Recommended for Convenience and Safety—Watch Can Be Seen at Glance.

In a great many places where it is necessary to know the time at any moment, a watch is a very convenient guide. If the watch is placed flat on the table or desk, it is not always easily seen, and then, too, it is liable to be pushed off and broken. The sketch shows a desk block which was used with a great deal of satisfaction.

The recess in the top of the block is for the chain, which need not be taken from the watch. The slight



Desk Block for a Watch.

angle of the block, which is hollowed out to receive the watch, makes the dial clearly visible from almost any point of view. For convenience and safety in connection with the continual use of a timepiece this suggestion is hard to excel, says Popular Mechanics. The block is easily made and finished to present a pleasing appearance on any desk.

Burbank Spineless Cactus

As growers and by controlling the output of large nurseries, we are about to offer BURBANK SPECIAL—BURBANK MYERS—BURBANK ROBUSTA—BURBANK FRISNO on special terms, and at specially low prices to ranchers.

Get our proposition. No immediate cash outlay to responsible people. Let the crop help pay.

Call or write Mr. Barnard or Mr. Hahn, at OCEAN VILLA INTENSIVE FARMING COLONY

5th Floor Marsh-Strong Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.00
BOYS' SHOES
\$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00 & \$3.50

All Sizes and Widths

Over 150 Styles

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

For 31 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If I could show you the high grade leathers used and the carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price. Postage free in the U. S. Write for illustrated Catalogue showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 230 Sparks St., Stockton, Mass.

FABLES IN SLANG

BY GEORGE ADE

The New Fable of the Juvenile Who Studied Mankind and Laid His Plans Accordingly.

Once there was a Kid who wore a Uniform that fit him too soon and a Cap on one ear. His job was to answer the Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the Afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blonde Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was as hard and flinty as that of the She-Purser in a swell Tavern who lately has cashed one that proved to be Phoney.

In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Fash at the Magazine Beauty before she began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel.

He had stood in the private Lair of the Sure-Things when they were cooking up some new Method of collecting much income without moving out of their Chairs.

He had stood by while Husbands, with the Scotch standing high in the Gague, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify little Katisha, waiting in the Flat.

Before delivering this Masterpiece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perfumed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that every Social

The Yankee cringed under the Attack and then fully agreed with the Son of ambitious Albion. He said we were a new and crude People who did not know how to wear Evening Clothes or eat Stilton Cheese and our Politicians were corrupt and Murderers were unpunished, while the Average Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the Situation and the British Subject said: "The American is a Poltroon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood Scrubs, Isling, S. E., resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London and more Paupers and Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas.

He said there were fewer Murders in England because Good Opportunities were being overlooked.

He said he could Tip any one in England except, possibly, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was his unbiased Opinion that London consisted of a vast Swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate Sponge Cake with Seeds in it, drank Tea, Smoked Pipes and rode on Busses, and thought they were Living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could wallop Great Britain in any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting and if we cut down on the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any Race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion he expressed Pity for the Cob who never tasted Corn on the Cob.

After he had gone up to the Bridge Deck to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tighest Little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own Country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad, and the Autumn in Paree."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Expatriate.

MORAL—No Chance.

The New Fable of the Two Brothers. The Even Start and the Contrasting Termini.

In a Flag Station the Job of Telegraph Operator is about the Limit of Earthly Ambition.

Therefore two Boys living in a weedy Hamlet began to hang around the Depot and learn the Morse Alphabet.

In due time each became a regular Railroad Man with Calico Sleeves and a Tooth-Brush in his upper Vest Pocket.

They were transferred to the Junction and began to have dealings with the Old Man himself and cuss when No. 6 balled up the Schedule.

Being quick on the Trigger and good at sizing up Men, they got into the Operating Department and each had a Card-Case full of Annuals.

One accepted an Offer to go up into Canada and crack the Whip over a Line being projected by British Capitalists who were too well-bred to get out in their Old Clothes and prod the Help.

The other remained in the Land of his Birth to push an Extension into the Northwest.

Each delivered the Goods in his own Balliwick—spanning the turbulent Streams, filling the deep Hollows, boring through the Hills and bringing a new Empire out of the lone-some Wilderness.

When the Gauk who had been transformed into a Canuck cleaned up on the big Assignment, the Directors gave him a Dinner and the King sent for him to come up to the House and kneel on one Knee and be dubbed the Earl of Saskatchewan.

The Brother wanted to attend the ceremony, but he had to send his Regrets as he was in Jail at the time. Moral: Only a few receive Titles but many are Indicted.

Floor-Walkers.

Bacon—I see a reasonably active man walks about 297,200 miles in 84 years, just walking about his house and place of business.

Egbert—Of course, that doesn't include men who have had to care for restless children at night.

GOOD JOKE ON WIFEY

MRS. TRUEBOY'S FLIRTATION: WITH HANDSOME "STRANGER."

She Really Thought She Had Never Before Seen the Young Man Who Taught Her to Swim, but It Turned Out She Had.

"You never—never—do the one thing I have asked you to do until I'm tired of asking!" said pretty Mrs. Trueboy to her husband.

"O, you mean"—and he flourished one hand about his face, with a grin.

"Yes. Just that. I want you to shave. You're the only man in the neighborhood with a beard."

"Well, my dear, I want some badge of distinction."

"I don't care! I'm getting to hate your beard! Just think of it! I never saw you with a smooth face."

"But when we were sparking, dear, you thought my beard so nice—so silky, you said, and so becoming."

"But I've changed my mind. Other men of your age don't wear a beard. Nobody but old codgers. Besides, the other women talk about it. 'He must have a weak face,' I heard one of the neighbors say. She didn't think I was listening, the cat!"

"Well, dear, if you insist upon it, I'll shave the moment I get back from this fishing trip."

"What! Are you going fishing again?"

"Yes. Up in Canada. Want to come along?"

"I should think not! And if you go fishing again, I shall go down to the shore for a couple of weeks. I suppose you'll be gone that long."

"All right, my dear. Go and enjoy yourself. But don't flirt too much."

"Flirt! The idea! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, John Trueboy? But I suppose you flirt when you're fishing."

"A little with the fish, yes. But there are no pretty girls where I'm going. We have to rough it up there."

"I don't believe you. Besides, you see plenty of pretty girls on the way there and back."

"I do eh?" And John Trueboy caught her in his arms and tried to kiss her.

"I'll never kiss you again, John, until you get rid of your beard. And I'll have a good look at you when you are shaved before I kiss you then." And she seemed to mean it.

John Trueboy started on his fishing trip, and Mrs. Trueboy lost no time in making for the seashore.

Before Mrs. Trueboy started, however, she attended two bargain sales and outfitted herself elaborately. The season was a bit late, and she made bargains. She got a fetching bathing suit that displayed her slightly figure to the best advantage, and when she first made her appearance on the shore she was very good to look at, with a polka-dotted red bathing cap that gave the final touch of charm. She was a fine swimmer and looked far more alluring in the water than some women do on shore.

Mrs. Trueboy had no notion of flirting when she went to the shore, although she felt a little resentment at Trueboy for selfishly going fishing and leaving her to her own devices.

But the first day she did flirt with a young man—one of the very few in the water—to the anger of every other woman on the beach. She sat with him and swam with him, and in the evening she danced with him. And he appreciated her kindness. The next day, as she was floating and swimming about and wondering whether she had done just right in the matter, she caught a glimpse of a handsome young man floating near her. She had noted him at breakfast, for he was a fresh arrival, and had been tempted to indulge in a slight flirtation there and then, for he had encouraged it. But all at once she thought of John Trueboy, away up in Canada, and she really began to believe he couldn't flirt on a fishing trip.

But she changed her mind. She was floating in shallow water, as she found by touching bottom, and the temptation was too great. She pretended she couldn't swim, and shrieked and made a show of helplessness. This experimental deceit is sometimes affected by young women who really could give a mermaid a race.

The handsome fellow, of course, came to her rescue, and their acquaintance began. He set about teaching her. Young women who can't swim or who pretend they can't and young men who teach young women how to swim know something of the peculiar intimacy of this joyous task. It was not long before Mrs. Trueboy forgot all about John in Canada, and she even looked at the young man she had flirted with but yesterday as though she never before had seen him. At moments her conscience troubled her a bit, but she got over that. This was too much fun to be worrying about anything else.

"You seem to like me," said the young man unblushingly, as they waded out.

Mrs. Trueboy looked about in alarm. This was not the voice that had been teaching her to swim. But it was the voice of John Trueboy, who had shaved.—Judge.

Ivory in Commerce.

When the king and queen visited the London docks a short time ago, they saw laid out on the floor of one of the great warehouses \$750,000 worth of ivory—an array of fine tusks which must have represented great hunting adventures in tropical forests.

PREPARING THE SHAD

DELICIOUS FISH MAY BE SERVED IN MANY WAYS.

Planked is, of course, the Most Popular, and Probably the Best—Never Should Be Fried—Salads to Go With It.

There is no more tempting or delicious dish than shad.

Shad may be prepared in many ways; probably the most popular is planked shad. Many housewives think such a dish out of the question, but all that one needs is a good hot fire and a plank. Be sure, however, to season and garnish your fish before it is placed on the table, or it will not be a success.

You ask how can I get a plank? A carpenter will make you one of oak about two inches thick for the small sum of 50 cents. It can be used indefinitely for the constant charring of the wood, only adds to the flavor of the fish.

To plank shad first wash and wipe the whole shad thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, then fill it with this stuffing: Two cupfuls of bread crumbs or mashed potatoes, a grating of onion, a tablespoonful of parsley, butter the size of an egg.

With a sharp knife cut three or four slits in the upper side of the fish, and put a thin slice of bacon in each opening. It should be baked in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. If you cook with gas bake it for part of the time in the oven, then brown and finish under the flame.

The proper salads to serve with shad are watercress and tomato, cucumbers and onions, or a salad of radishes cut thin and laid on lettuce leaves.

Broiled shad may be accomplished with the ordinary broiler, but great care should be taken lest the fish is seared, if it is cooked over the open coals. Wise housewives never fry shad, as it is apt to absorb the grease and it loses much of its dainty flavor, if prepared in this manner.

An unusual recipe for shad is to put it in a sour pickle, and let it remain there for a day or so, then serve for a light supper. The shad should be cut in squares about three inches square, then boiled for 20 minutes. Heat some vinegar, season with pepper and salt, and crush some allspice in it. Pour this hot over the fish and keep it tightly covered for several hours before serving. It is delicious, as the bones are softened, and the flesh tender and juicy from the vinegar in which it has lain.

Are You Constipated?

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have proved their worth for 75 years. Test them yourself now. Send for sample to 372 Pearl St., N. Y.—Adv.

Halibut a La Flamanade.

Cover the bottom of a baking-dish with two tablespoonfuls each of minced onion and celery and one of parsley. Place on this the fish, after dusting it with salt and pepper to taste and brushing with melted butter. Bake in a quick oven. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, add two of flour and mix; add one pint of cooked strained tomatoes and stir until boiling; add one-half teaspoonful each of mace and white pepper. Strain this around the fish and serve with boiled potato balls basted with melted butter and dusted with minced parsley.—Woman's Home Companion.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for women, use Mother Gray's ROMATIC LEAF. It is safe and never-failing regulator. At drug stores or by mail 50 cents. Sample package FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Stuffed Corn Beef.

This is a somewhat unusual way of cooking a familiar meat, and makes a pleasant variety. Select a lean, chunky piece and after cooking or soaking it in fresh water, to remove the brine, make several deep incisions in it. Fill these cuts with bread stuffing highly seasoned with pepper and onion. Tie the stuffed meat tightly in a cloth, dip it in vinegar, and then simmer it in boiling water. Allow 20 minutes for each pound of meat. Drain before untying the cloth.

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

To Get Benefit From Vacation.

Good health begins in the heart. The ozone of the sea may make the blood tingle with new life, but the surf never reaches the spirit except as a transient stimulant. The peaceful mind, like a ship swinging to an anchor dropped into the deeper sea, is immune from the greater dangers. When you go away on your vacation take that feverish mind with you, and the spirit that needs the divine sunshine.

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids.—Adv.

Orange Filling.

One-half cup sugar, two level tablespoonfuls cornstarch, grated rind one-half orange, one-third cup orange juice, one tablespoonful lemon juice, one egg beaten slightly, one teaspoonful melted butter.

Mix the ingredients and cook in double boiler for 12 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool before using.

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot."—Adv.

Cutting Hot Bread and Cake.

When cutting hot cake or bread, if the knife is heated first it will prevent them crumbling.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 159 D. Station E. New York City, will mail his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.

Artesian Wells in Australia.

In the rolling downs country of western Queensland the artesian supply of water has, when tapped, rendered it possible to carry on industries dependent on water supply. Human ingenuity and research have supplied from nature's subterranean reservoirs an unfailing supply of water, both for drinking and irrigation. At the end of the year 1912 there were 1879 artesian bores in Queensland. The deepest bore is situated at Bimera, in the central west. This bore has a depth of 1,504 feet. The shallowest bore is at Manfred Downs, also in the central west, which yields a supply of 2,000 gallons per day at a depth of 108 feet. The Charleville bore has a depth of 1,371 feet and the largest flow in the state—3,000,000 gallons per day. The estimated aggregate daily flow from all bores in Queensland is 529,817,860 gallons. To obtain this supply necessitated 354.68 miles in depth of boring. In some of these bores the water has a high temperature, and requires cooling before being used for domestic purposes.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Itchy, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Who Discovered the Kangaroo?

Mr. W. B. Alexander of the Western Australian museum at Perth, W. A., has recently corrected a popular mistake in the history of natural history. The discovery of the kangaroo family is generally credited to Sir Joseph Banks, and is supposed to have occurred during Captain Cook's first voyage in 1770. This date, it appears, is nearly one hundred and fifty years too late. When the Dutch East India company's ship, the Batavia, under command of Captain Pelsart, was wrecked on the Abrolhos islands in 1629, the survivors encountered among other strange things the Dama Wallaby, the first member of the kangaroo family known to Europeans. Captain Pelsart described it as a species of cat about the size of a hare, noted its remarkable hind legs, and described in considerable detail the abdominal pouch for the young and the use of it.

A glass of water placed in the bottom of a piano will help to prevent the wood warping and to keep the instrument in tune.

Among the new electric cigar lighters for automobilists is one enclosed in a watchcase, which can be hung up by the ring.

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention This Paper.

S. F. N. U. - - - - - 39, 1914

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Notices of Entertainments where a charge is made, Cards of Thanks, Resolutions of Condolence, etc., 5c per line.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
C. H. Whitman, W. M.
James Fabinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Howard Trussie, Noble Grand.
E. C. Merrill, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Ordnard City Grange, No. 336, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
J. E. Wiesedanger, Worthy Master.
Mrs. Edna Keesling, Worthy Secretary.

Fraternity Aid Association

Palms Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MR. WM. COUPLAND, President.
Mrs. S. J. Brandenburg, Secretary.

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Wait and Win

In the practice of popular government in America very often the criminal or other malefactor seeks, through his lawyer, to cause court delays far past the time of initial public sentiment. Gradually interest wanes. The better opinion of the community, that originally was keenly for administrative justice applied to that particular case, slowly loses its first expressive interest. Other affairs come and take public attention. The malefactor merely waits. And mostly the longer he waits and bides his time the better chance he has of escaping punishment.

So it is with merely constructive civic affairs. During the first discussions and the initial interest the great majority actuated by progressive ideas is often for reform. It delays come, those who have only ideals and no personal feeling in the matter become interested in other affairs. Their support at the polls indicates lessened interest. Those who would overcome the larger public sentiment bide their time.

It has ever been that way with the liquor traffic. Campaigns arouse the interest of constructive and temperate economic citizenship. The liquor interests lie low and bide their time. When the psychological quiet comes, then they deftly slip something through, mustering their full strength. They know that the habit in republics is for the people generally to drop their alert watchfulness of one measure as they become attracted by something newer.

No civilization has ever advanced beyond its agricultural development.

We must give to the people who live on the farm the same educational advantages for their children as those of the cities enjoy.

THE RURAL PRESS

The Local Paper a Most Useful Agency on the Farm—The Press, Pulpit and School a Trinity of Influence That Must Be Utilized in Building Agriculture.

By Peter Radford,
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

A broad campaign of publicity on the subject of rural life is needed in this state today to bring the problems of the farmers to the forefront. The city problems are blazoned upon the front pages of the metropolitan dailies and echoed in the country press, but the troubles of the farmers are seldom told, except by those who seek to profit by the story, and the glitter of the package oftentimes obscures the substance. A searching investigation into the needs of the farmers will reveal many inherent defects in our economic system that can be easily remedied when properly understood and illuminated by the power of the press.

The rural press, the pulpit and the school are a trinity of powerful influences that the farmer must utilize to their fullest capacity before he can occupy a commanding position in public affairs. These gigantic agencies are organized in every rural community and only await the patronage and co-operation of the farmers to fully develop their energy and usefulness. They are local forces working for the best interests of their respective communities. Their work is to build and their object is to save. They prosper only through the development and prosperity of the community.

Every farmer in this state should subscribe for the local paper, as well as farm periodicals and such other publications as he may find profitable, but he should, by all means, subscribe for his local paper, and no home should be without it. The local paper is part of the community life and the editor understands the farmer's problems. It is the local press that will study the local problems and through its columns deal with subjects of most vital importance to local life of the community.

A Noble Task.

In too many instances the country papers mimic the city press by giving prominence to scandals, accidents and political agitation. The new rural civilization has placed upon the rural press renewed responsibilities, and enlarged possibilities for usefulness. It cannot perform its mission to agriculture by recording the frailties, the mishaps and inordinate ambitions of humanity, or by filling its columns with the echoes of the struggles of busy streets, or by enchanting stories of city life which lure our children from the farm.

It has a higher and nobler task. Too often the pages of the city dailies bristle with the struggle of ambitious men in their wild lust for power, and many times the flames of personal conflict sear the tender buds of new civilization and illuminate the path way to destruction. The rural press is the governing power of public sentiment and must hold steadfast to principle and keep the ship of state in the roadstead of progress. The rural press can best serve the interests of the farmers by applying its energies to the solution of problems affecting the local community. It must stem the mighty life current that is moving from the farm to the cities, sweeping before it a thousand boys and girls per day. It has to deal with the fundamental problems of civilization at their fountain head. Its mission is to direct growth, teach efficiency and mold the intellectual life of the country, placing before the public the daily problems of the farmers and giving first attention to the legislative, co-operative, educational and social needs of the agricultural classes within its respective community.

The Power of Advertising.

The influence of advertising is clearly visible in the homes and habits of the farmers, and the advertising columns of the press are making their imprint upon the lives of our people. The farmer possesses the things that are best advertised.

The farmer is entitled to all the advantages and deserves all the luxuries of life. We need more art, science and useful facilities on the farms, and many homes and farms are well balanced in this respect, but the advertiser can render a service by teaching the advantages of modern equipment throughout the columns of the rural press.

The farmers are in need of personal leadership. They have political leaders, but they need local industrial community and educational leaders.

He Was Welcome.

Picking himself up after a rapid flight down the stairs, the young man broke forth:

"Of course it is your privilege to throw me out of the house, Mr. Roughman," he said, "but there is no need to add insult to injury by having me land on a mat which has the word 'Welcome' woven in it."

"There is nothing wrong in that," remarked the cause of his sudden descent, "you are welcome!"

"But you threw me out!"
—"On the outside of the house where the mat lies, sir!" concluded the man of the house, closing the door.—London Tit-Bits.

THE greatest victory for the people, led by Governor Johnson, was the adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall constitutional amendments. This victory broke the political domination of our state by the predatory public service corporations; it shattered their control of our courts; it made useless their bribery and corruption of the legislature; it gave the people the final say in all matters of state. The farmer, who formerly felt how hopeless was his opposition to the oppressive laws imposed upon him by the railroad and other corrupt interests that controlled the legislature, knows that this victory now gives him the right to appeal to the wisdom and sense of justice of the whole people for protection against unjust laws. The farmer is intelligent and fair, and may be relied upon to rebuke the effort to mislead him.—Ex.

THE California Valley Quail—"The Hoodlum" some call him—is without question the gamest little bird on wings. If he were not, the pot-shooting, ground-slucing market hunter would have exterminated him years ago. As it was, had not the sale been prohibited the last quail would have been killed and sold to satisfy the appetite of the man in the city too busy or too lazy to take the field.

The quail is a great friend to the farmer and orchardist, for he is one of the greatest little bug catchers of all the feathered tribes. He is worth his weight in gold to the orchardist and so recognized by most of them. The California ruralist, the man who in reality grows and feeds the quail, both from economic and sentimental reasons, will never agree to the slaughter for sale of this greatest of insectivorous game birds.

REGISTRATION will close on October 3rd for the November election, which is to be the most important in the history of the state. On November 3rd the people of California will decide whether they will go forward with progressive government under Governor Hiram W. Johnson or whether they will repudiate the political regeneration of California in the past four years and return to the good old days when political bosses and a corrupt machine pulled all the strings of government. In addition there is a U. S. Senator to be elected, a Supreme Court Justice, hundreds of state officers, and several vital issues to be settled by the initiative and referendum.

Many of the Campbell voters have as yet neglected to register, while others have registered in the wrong precinct. Don't fail to set this matter right without delay as registration closes on October 3rd. Also let every voter make it a point to be at the polls on the 3rd of Nov.

High School Notes

Wednesday afternoon the basketball boys had their first real tangle. The Seniors took on a team from the rest of the school. At first it looked to be a runaway for the school team but the Seniors took a brace and when the game was over the score read 28-10 in favor of the Seniors. Fabinger starred for the Seniors while Oliver and Bryant played well for the school.

Those who seem good prospects for the team are Babb, Oliver, Bryant, Lancaster, Byderkarken, Righter, Walker, Fabinger, Kennedy, and Huntley.

There are now enrolled 110 students at the High School. 56 girls and 54 boys.

Everybody for the basket ball team!

Moreland Good Will Club

The Moreland Good Will Club met at the home of Mrs. Harry Bean on Williams Road Wednesday, Sept. 23.

Following the business session Mrs. Sieverson "Depot Matron" of San Jose addressed the Club on her work and experiences in the San Jose depot. Her talk was deeply interesting and greatly appreciated.

After delicious refreshments served by the hostess the Club adjourned to meet with Mrs. Wm. Gardner on Phelps Ave. Oct. 7th.

New Books Received at the Campbell Library, Sept. 19

- 1 Barbours—Captain of the Crew
- 2 Bassett—Story of Lumber
- 3 Bishop—Panama Past and Present
- 4 Blaisdell—Twilight Town
- 5 Bower—The Long Shadow
- 6 Burnett—Little Princess
- 7 Buck—Battle Cry
- 8 Coburn—Alfalfa
- 9 Dawson—Book of Parties and Past-times
- 10 Du Bois—Last of the Silver Sword
- 11 Duncan—Bird Store Man
- 12 Du Puy—Uncle Sam, Wonder Work
- 13 Erskine—Eye of Dread
- 14 King—Wild Olive
- 15 Lincoln—Cap'n Eri
- 16 Martin—Ways of the Planets
- 17 Oldmeadow—Susan
- 18 Partridge—Court of St. Simon
- 19 Porter—Laddie
- 20 Pumphrey—Pilgrim Stories
- 21 Porer—Canning and Preserving
- 22 Saint Maur—Self-supporting Home
- 23 Scott—Increasing Human Efficiency in Business
- 24 Schultz—With the Indians in the Rockies
- 25 Vance—Day of Days
- 26 Wallace—Wilderness Eastways
- 27 Ward—Mating of Lydia
- 28 Warde—Betty Wales, Sophomore
- 29 White—How to Make Baskets
- 30 White—The Mountains

Success is bound to come to the farmer who plans while he plows.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Alison went to Oakland this morning to attend the M. E. Conference.

Oysters.

Oysters can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.

Farmers Will Fight

Attorney General Webb, having given an opinion to Governor Johnson that the proposed Universal Eight Hour Bill would be unconstitutional if adopted, the Farmers' Protective League of California announces that its vigorous campaign to defeat the measure at the polls will be continued.

Attorney General Webb declares that the proposed bill contravenes the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

"The Attorney General's opinion confirms the belief often expressed by the officers of the League," said Arthur Dunn, Secretary and Manager of the League, "but it must be remembered that it would be necessary to have adjudicated the legality of the measure, if it were adopted, and we are not so certain that the court would accept the logic of the Attorney General's opinion, especially if a majority of the voters had expressed themselves as favoring the law. We cannot permit this cheering decision to lull to sleep the opposition to the proposed measure. Unless the fight is continued until the last vote shall have been polled there is very grave danger that the bill will be enacted, and a very harmful impression would go forth that California was committed to a severe restriction of individual effort."

"Farmers and all citizens having at heart the welfare of California must be up and doing from now until election day to defeat the proposed Universal Eight-Hour bill. The League is informed reliably that the proponent of the measure, the Socialist party, will redouble its efforts to have the bill adopted as a protest against the Attorney General's opinion, and, if successful, will insist on carrying the proposition through all State Courts and to the United States Supreme Court. California cannot afford to create a chaotic condition even temporarily. The Universal Eight-Hour Bill must be defeated decisively in November."

Local and Personal

J. F. Duncan and R. K. Thomas went to the San Joaquin valley the first of the week on business.

Born: Sunday, September 20, to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bohnett, a son. The baby only lived a short time.

The Moreland ladies will give a social dance at the Moreland hall on Payne avenue, Friday evening, Oct. 2nd.

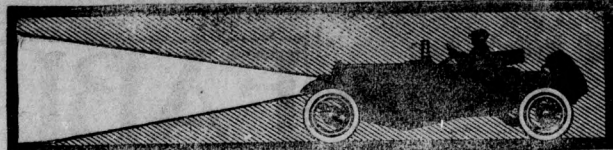
A number of Campbell people will go to San Jose this evening to attend the inter-denominational missionary meeting.

Roy Thompson called on his parents and relatives here today. The Maryland will be at San Francisco probably a month.

Frank Nelson came home from the University last week with a well developed case of typhoid fever. He is reported steadily improving.

Born: Tuesday, September 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Evans, a daughter. Mrs. Evans is here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Bohnett.

"Sunny" Vollman left today for Walnut Grove where he will visit his brother for two weeks. He then will go to San Francisco to work where the best wishes of his friends go with him.



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E. W. Preston

Campbell, Cal

"MADE IN AMERICA" POTTERY.

In connection with the interruption of our normal trade with European countries, the following extracts from the United States Geological Survey report on the pottery industry are interesting. Speaking of the prosperous condition of the industry in 1913, this report, published in July, continues:

"The year opened with bright prospects and sufficient business to keep the potteries busy, and throughout the spring and summer and well into the fall business was generally reported as unusually good. There resulted the largest production in the history of the industry. The underlying cause of this prosperity is no doubt the improved character of the American product in texture, finish, color, decoration, and prevention of crazing, some of the higher grades of American pottery equaling if not surpassing some of the best imported ware. "The imports of pottery have always been more or less interesting. For many years the value of imported pottery exceeded the value of that made at home, but about the close of the nineteenth century domestic production caught up with imports and since that time has greatly exceeded them; the production of 1913 being nearly four times as great in value as the imports."

There was in 1913, however, a considerable decrease in the exports of pottery, but an increase should be expected in 1914 and following years by reason of the changes in the world's commerce that seem inevitable.

Lin Murray on Colleges

Lindley Murray, the Stanford tennis player who won ninety-one out of his ninety-five great matches against eighty different notable players in the east this summer and conquered all the greatest college players, has made the following interesting comments on college sentiment and ideals as he observed them: Princeton was the nearest like Stanford, with a fine spirit and easy democracy, and he liked it best of all. Yale and Harvard were disappointments to him, and seemed very stuck up in student attitudes of life. Missouri seemed to think little else but "queening," the men being everywhere seen tagging along with the girls, who are there in the majority. Colorado appealed to him most among the middle-western universities for spirit and environment and student life. And the finest thing on the trip was the uniform and rare courtesy and hospitality everywhere of scattered or grouped Stanford alumni eager always to be doing for the two tennis representatives from Stanford.

The development of the farmer himself must precede the full development of the ground he tills.

The most beautiful fact in the farmer's work is that everything he plants is a lesson in faith.

The best farmer does not bother about getting ahead of his neighbor; his great business is to get ahead of himself.

The country clergy is an agency of much potentiality because the rural life movement is religious as well as industrial and social.

There should be a social and an industrial survey of every community. The pastor, the teacher and the school and church officials are they who should make such a survey.

In a recent survey of a community in New England, the average annual income of 154 farmers who had a common school education was \$229, while the average net income of 122 farmers of the same locality with a high school education was \$482 annually. This was worth to each farmer who possessed it \$253 each year.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
J. F. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, the undersigned, do hereby certify and declare that I transact business in the State of California, under a fictitious name, to-wit:

CAMPBELL LUMBER COMPANY.
That my name in full is subscribed below, together with my address. That the principal place of business is now at Campbell, in the Township of Campbell, County of Santa Clara, State of California, and that I am the sole owner of said business.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 11th day of September, 1914.
WALLACE THEODORE MORTON,
Residing at Campbell, Township of Campbell, Santa Clara County, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
County of Santa Clara.

On this 11th day of September, in the year A.D. nineteen hundred and fourteen, before me, B. O. CURRY, a Notary Public in and for the said County of Santa Clara, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared, WALLACE THEODORE MORTON, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to, and who executed the within instrument, and he duly acknowledges to me that he executed the same.

Witness my hand and Official Seal at my office said County of Santa Clara, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

B. O. CURRY, a Notary Public in and for the County of Santa Clara, State of California.

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